

**Funeral Services
for**

**Elizabeth Cummings Davis
held**

**Thursday
January 29, 1959
1 P. M.**

Heber 1st--6th Ward Chapel

**1st Couns. Russell Wall
Conducting**

neral services for Mrs. William (Elizabeth Cummings Davis) held in the First-
Sixth Ward Thursday, January 29, 1959 at 1 P. M.

Brother Russell Wall, First Counselor in the Bishopric of the Heber Sixth Ward con-
ducting;

Prayer at the home was offered by ~~Rickup~~ Brother Earl Smith, a nephew.

Pres. J. Harold Call and Pres. Wayne C. Whiting of the Stake Presidency were seated
on the stand.

Organ prelude, Sister Virginia Green.

Brother Russell Wall:

"We are assembled together today to pay our respects to a good sister and friend,
Sister Elizabeth Cummings Davis, who was called home last Monday at twelve twenty A. M.
She was better known to all of us as "Aunt Liz Davis." She is survived by her daughter,
Mrs. Zella Blackley; a grandson, Dee Blackley, whom she reared; and ten other grand-
children; fifteen great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren; one brother,
Hyrum Cummings, and a sister, Luella Johnson.

Bp. Smith asked that he be excused, as he is out of the State on business. He
expressed his love for this good sister and her family. He told me of the joy he had
experienced in working with this good lady and her family.

We, as a Bishopric, have found this to be true and have found them to be always
ready to co-operate in any way she could in the Ward. We have nothing but love and
admiration for Aunt Liz.

On behalf of the family, I would like to thank anyone who has helped in any way,
for your words of kindness and to all who take part in any way in the services; for
the beautiful floral offerings. To you they are grateful.

The prayer in the home was offered by Brother Earl Smith, a nephew. The pall-
bearers are: Rex Blackley; Ned Blackley; Don Blackley; Kenneth Johnson; all
grandsons of Aunt Liz; J. W. Jordan, a nephew, and Arnold Wright, a grandson-in-law.
The Sixth Ward Relief Society are caring for the flowers. The service will

proceed as follows: Invocation, Bishop Fay Johnson, a nephew; a vocal duet, Brother LeRoy Huffaker and Sister Marjorie Provost. They will sing, "Softly And Tenderly Jesus Is Calling". They will be accompanied by Sister Re Nee Carlile. Speaker, Bp. Heber M. Rasband, a friend and neighbor of Aunt Liz. Speaker, Bp. Joseph Olpin, also friend and neighbor of Aunt Liz. Vocal duet, Roy Huffaker and Marjorie Provost. They will sing, "Beyond The Sunset," accompanied by ReNee Carlile. Our concluding speaker will be Pres. H. Olay Cummings, a nephew of Aunt Liz. The concluding song will be sung by Gordon Taylor, "Going Home." He will be accompanied by Sister Virginia Green. The benediction will be offered by Brother Addison C. Moulton. The prayer at the grave will be given by Brother Clyde Broadbent.

Invocation, Bishop Fay Johnson:

"Our kind Heavenly Father, as we have assembled this beautiful day to pay our last respects and to pay tribute to this wonderful daughter of Thine whom Thou hast called home, Elizabeth Cummings Davis, affectionately known by everyone as "Aunt Liz." We feel to thank Thee for this beautiful day. We are grateful, our Father in Heaven, for the privilege we have of being able to associate with one who has lived such a full life and has brought so much happiness and joy into the lives of others.

We are thankful that we have been able to enjoy the companionship of this good sister, for her ever-loving smile and her joyous greetings whenever she would see anyone that she knew. We are grateful for the many things she has brought into the lives of people to enrich their lives. We are thankful for the knowledge we have that this life can be continued beyond the veil; that we will have the privilege of once more associating with this wonderful lady.

We ask Thee this day that Thy Spirit will be with the speakers and those who take part in this service in any way. Wilt Thou inspire them to say the things that are in their hearts, that they may have free expression of the things that they wish to say.

We are thankful for the family and friends that have shown their respect by coming to this service this day. We pray that while we are convened that thy Holy Spirit will be with us. Now, we ask Thee to watch over and bless us as we take part in these services, that we might be able to journey to the cemetery in safety; that

no harm or accident might befall us. We are thankful for the many things we have, and especially are we thankful that we have been able to associate with this, Thy daughter, whom Thou hast called home. Now, be with us throughout this service and be with us with Thy Spirit we humbly pray in the name of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, Amen."

Vocal duet, "Teach MY Soul To Pray," Brother Roy Huffaker and Sister Marjorie Provost, accompanied by Sister ReNee Carlile.

Oh, Lord, my God, teach me to know Thy will,
Help me to feel Thy presence ever near.
Teach me to see my path through life, and still
Be Thou my Guide, my Savior, kind and dear.
And when the storms and shadows cloud my way,
When all is dark and life is no more fair,
Be Thou my strength-in time of doubt-my stay;
Help me, dear Lord to seek Thy aid in prayer.

Oh Lord, my King, when joys of life shall call,
May my light heart have strength to seek Thee still,
Help me to hear when Thy soft whispers fall,
Save me, I pray from all Thou countest ill.
Oh Lord, should all my dearest friends depart;
Should all I love be found as weak as clay;
Should hope within my breast refuse to start;
Let Thy pure love still teach my soul to pray."

Speaker, Bp. Heber M. Rasband:

"Dear brothers and sisters, I sincerely trust that I may be able to control my emotions and say something to comfort those who are bereaved upon this occasion.

My memory of Aunt Liz Davis goes back for a long time. The first recollection that I have of the Davis Family and those who lived up at Keetley was the impression that I was given of them by my father, because he always spoke of them with a great deal of love and admiration. He held them in high esteem. He appreciated their friendship.

When Aunt Liz moved down to Heber it was our good fortune to have her move into our neighborhood. Since that time I want you to know that I have learned to love Aunt Liz. I have been privileged to visit frequently with her in her home. I don't know when I have ever gone to a home where there was a more loving and kinder feeling ever given to an individual than was given to Aunt Liz Davis. After you had visited for a little while and was ready to go, Aunt Liz tried to make you think that she was indebted

because you had been there. I know that I always felt that I was indebted to her for the richness and lovely spirit that I was permitted to partake of in her home. She appreciated company. She appreciated people coming to visit with her.. Especially was this true in her later years, when she was not able to leave her home to go and visit other members of her family.

This sickness that came to Aunt Liz the other night was not the first sickness she had had since she came to Heber. Whenever a sickness came to her, she called for the Elders. At her request, they administered to her to invoke the blessings of our Heavenly Father upon her head. She testified time and time again to me how good the Lord had been to her because He had answered those prayers. He had extended her life and on a bastic that she could enjoy it; so that she could enjoy the friendship of those who called upon her and those who came to take care of her home.

She was very independent. She wanted to do things for herself, but she had living not very far away, a daughter who was very devoted, who went to her very often to look down to see how Aunt Liz was coming. Several times a day you would see her going back and forth with a dish in her hands, taking something to eat. Her mother appreciated that kindness. She expressed it to me on various occasions, how thankful she was that she could be so close to her daughter who could help her when she needed help.

Aunt Liz was a kindly person. She was a person that got happiness out of life. She got that happiness because she didn't seek for happiness. She did give to others through her kindly spirit and kindly ways. She let her kindness go out to the neighborhood; to her friends, and as a result there was a great shower of happiness came into her home which she was permitted to enjoy.

As I was thinking of the life of Aunt Liz I was reminded of a little story. It was written by one of our great writers, in speaking of happiness. She said she didn't know of a period in this life--this writer said-- when people could be completely happy. She said perhaps we could be completely happy when we are dead. But she said, I don't want to be dead, and I don't want to be completely happy. I think that was part of Aunt Liz's life. She was happy, but she was not completely happy because she was continually extending herself so that she could let others enjoy that happiness

which she so much enjoyed. She spread herself out; she embraced the neighborhood; she embraced the community. Her love was felt by all who entered her home or her presence, it was so great and deep.

I am sure that as we have met on this occasion with this family of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren that as they look back in the life of their grandmother that they can think of only goodness; they can think only of the good and kind things that she has done for them. Now that she is called to depart from this life, and go back and join with her husband, and her son, and her daughter who have preceded her in death, let them witness unto their Heavenly Father that they are thankful that she was not called upon to suffer; rather than in her departing it came rather suddenly, though she did suffer rather severely for the short time she was permitted to remain after she was stricken.

It was Aunt Liz's testimony to me that she had no fear of death. She knew that there would be a Resurrection. She knew that she would be permitted to join with the loved ones as she departed to the other side. Today she is enjoying those blessings and that opportunity.

Death is the inevitable. We might try to escape it. We might try to defer it, but sooner or later it will face us all. We will be called upon to go to the Other Side and when we go we will be called to stand before God, our Maker, and be judged of the things we have done while we have been here upon the earth.

I want to bear you my testimony that if the Lord will bless me that I may be permitted when I depart this life, to enjoy the association of such people as Aunt Liz Davis, I think I will be in the Celestial Kingdom. May our Heavenly Father bless us that we may honor and respect her; that we may give our love and sympathy continually to those who are bereaved on this occasion, I most humbly pray, and I do it in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, Amen."

Speaker, Bishop Joseph Olpin:

"My brothers and sisters, I feel humble at this assignment. I hope the Lord will bless me as he has Bp. Hebe. I too, feel very upset in the death of our lovely neighbor

We just weren't ready to give her up yet. We thought that she had ought to go on staying here. I've been thinking since Aunt Liz died about the purpose of the Gospel and the purpose of life. It seems to me that the whole purpose is family life. It comes right down to that, in my mind. And to her posterity I would like to say this: I don't think you can find happiness in the Hereafter if you can't have the association of Aunt Liz. The only way that I know of--and I do know that you can find it that way, is to live the Gospel. That is the way that I can find it. Hebe's testimony that it would be a good place to be is my sentiments exactly.

I first, ~~member~~ of stopping at the Davis Ranch to use the telephone, when I was a stranger here years ago. I remember that pretty lady--she wasn't old then. She would have been about fifty--no she would have been about sixty at that time. She had on a white collar. You remember how beautifully she wore a little white collar on her dress? She was so gracious in letting me use her phone that I confess that I used it sometimes almost when I didn't have to. Very often there was a piece of pie there too.

Later when I came to know her so well, after she came down to live with us, I found out that she had a marvelous way of knowing if we wanted an encouraging word; when you needed a kiss; when you needed a piece of pie. She just had a hunch that just made you feel so good when you went to see her; and she never criticised you if you neglected her. We would go on with our busy life and go on day after day, and week after week. I never had a word of criticism. She overlooked your faults and always made you want to do your best.

She always knew everyone of our children. She would say, "I see Betty is home for a few days. I see that some of the others have been here visiting." Oh, it was a joy to have her right close to us. I would run over for a little favor frequently, and believe me, I never went without it. I have never known a lady her age that has kept her house so beautiful. Of course I realize that Zella helped her, but Zella could n't have done it alone. She was a perfect housekeeper.

I remember one time when Rodney cleaned her wallpaper in her living room. You know, it didn't look dirty before he started. After he got started, the wall showed quite a bit of smoke. Rodney left in dirt the words, "Liz Davis' dirty house" across

the whole length of the living room wall. She called me over to see it. He left this a day or two, it seems to me now, before he wiped it off. She called me to see the adornment in her house. She said, "You didn't know I was that dirty, did you, Bishop? We enjoyed her so much. She had a wonderful sense of humor.

I remember when Wallace died, leaving Lyle and two cute little girls, and how nice Aunt Liz was then. She was sweet to them and was always good. Oh, I went to their place a lot of times. Once I went there and got a sleigh and team. We had a winter we couldn't travel to Woodland. Mr. Knight died up on the old Knight Ranch, up in Woodland. I took Uncle Will's team and went up there in the middle of the night. It was about twenty degrees below zero--went up and cared for Mr. Knight in his home, because we couldn't get through in a car. Uncle Will was so willing to let me have that team, so happy to help Mr. Knight's family out.

While we were building a year ago, Aunt Liz kept such good track of us. She said, "I just love everything you are doing over there." But she said, "You know, you have fixed it so I can't see Sister Olpin come out and shake her rugs and sweep her back step." "I don't know how I'm going to get along without being able to keep track of you." Little personal things that you just love. That was Aunt Liz.

I want to testify what a lovely neighbor Zella is. What a lovely neighbor Dee is. When we bought the old Rasband Corral, through the graciousness of our neighbors who were willing to see the improvement that we could get rid of the barn that wasn't needed any more, we started to proceed to make a parking lot. Zella came to me and said, "Let's not just beautify this lot just up to the property line. Let's move the old fence and some of the old buildings and beautify the whole thing." Now, wasn't that thoughtful of them? And they worked real hard all summer, and we have had a hard time to keep ours as pretty as they have made theirs. We appreciate these lovely neighbors.

I guess that Zella will have to be the queen of love in our neighborhood now. Her mother has been reigning here unquestioned for years. Violet, and Birdie, and Mary are just a little bit younger than Zella--she told me her age today, accidentally. The way she runs you wouldn't think they were younger. But we will have to have a new queen

of love and I guess Zella will have to be it. I'm glad we dropped right in the heart of this Cummings Family. Aunt Rachel was on our west in the old Family home kitty-corner from us. Aunt Liz came to live on our north. Aunt Rachel was a lot like Aunt Liz. I was thinking today of the time when our family was small. Uncle Tom had died and Aunt Rachel was alone. One day she said to my wife, "You know, I wish you wouldn't pull your shades down in the evening. I'm alone so much in the evening, and I look out, and if your shades are down it's lonesome, but if they are up and I can see you moving around I'm happy." And so, as long as Rachel lived, we left our shades up in the evening so that she could be with us.

Today as we were preparing to come to the house, two little boys pulled my coat-tail out in front of the house and said: "Mr. Olpin, who is dead?" And I said: "Aunt Liz Davis." "Is she that pretty little old lady that lives in this white house?" I said, "That's her." "Oh, that's too bad." They were little boys down in the west end of the Ward. She didn't have any trouble with children. My children must have caused her quite a bit of trouble and foolishness at times. She just didn't get angry at them. She kept track of everything we did and every improvement we made. I'll tell you, she wasn't nosy. She was just interested.

I have never seen anyone have so many visitors. You can't imagine how many times a day cars would pull up and someone would go in to see Aunt Liz. On funeral days, when people came from out of town, there would be a stream of cars go there. And on Sunday there would be a stream of cars go there, and every day in the week some people have someone. And they didn't go there to help her, like Hebe said, they went there for a lift from the spirit of that lovely lady.

I started out by saying that the crux of the Gospel is family life and the only family life that the Gospel teaches is the Celestial Kingdom; and I want that. I want to have it so that I can associate with my family and know the peace that we know now of family love. If we think of the best celebration that we can think of, we think of the time we can be together with our family. Won't it be wonderful when Mother and Father are added to that circle? And when grandfathers and grandmothers are added? Then we can have that life we are promised through faithfulness. I don't

believe we can get it by being mean and horony. We have to live the Gospel. I'm like Hebe, I don't want a better Celestial Kingdom than we have right here. I don't know how it's ever going to be as good without Aunt Liz. I pray the Lord to bless you always that you may have the spirit of Aunt Liz to hold you together.

I meant to -- and I want to -- and I surely didn't want to pass without saying that my closest association with this family has been with Sister Nellie--Brother Arnold Johnson's wife. We were in the Bishopric together for thirteen and a half years; and our wives were part of our work, I believe. And those lovely meals we used to have at Nellie's. We did love her and she surely was a great blessing to us in our Bishopric, as were the other wives in the Bishopric.

I pray the Lord to help you that each of you may attain great success and go on being Aunt Liz's children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, nieces, and nephews in the Celestial Kingdom, through your righteousness, I pray for this in the name of Jesus, Amen."

Vocal duet, "Beyond The Sunset," Brother Roy Huffaker and Sister Marjorie Prevost, accompanied by Sister ReNee Carlile.

"Beyond the sunset, oh, blissful morning,
When with our Savior heaven is begun,
Earth's toiling ended, oh, glorious dawning,
Beyond the sunset when day is done.

Beyond the sunset no clouds will gather,
No storms will threaten; no fears annoy
Oh, day of gladness; oh day unended,
Beyond the sunset eternal Jjoy.

Beyond the sunset a hand will guide me,
To God, the Father, whom I adore,
His glorious presence; His words of welcome,
Shall be my portion on that fair shore.

Beyond the sunset, oh, glad reunion,
With our dear loved ones who've gone before,
In that fair homeland we'll know no parting
Beyond the sunset forevermore."

Speaker, Pres. H. Clay Cummings:

"Because I am a nephew, I hope you will not interpret my remarks as being influenced by prejudice. I can only speak of Aunt Liz as I have known her. Incidentally, funeral

speakers, with very few exceptions, generally speak the truth, as they know it.

Naturally I am pleased with those kind remarks of Bp. Rasband, Bp Olpin, and with the remarks of Brother Wall representing the Bishopric. I'm sure Aunt Liz was not a perfect individual--not entirely, although I have been unable in my memories to remember anything bad about her, unless it was that she tried to smother me with her kisses. She had one of the most lingering, and meaningful, and affectionate kisses I have ever experienced.

If we were able to take a vote in this assembly today, I think we would discover that most of the people have experienced that fine affection which Aunt Liz was able to give.

Aunt Liz made me angry at one time, before I knew who she was. When I was a little boy, I think about six years old, I was headed for the ball-grounds to enjoy a baseball game. I was walking down the sidewalk south of the High School, on the High School block. Some of you will remember the old McMillan home--the barns there--the board fence that surrounded the corral. I was walking down the sidewalk by the corral going west, when a surrey with a fringe on top came down the road behind two trotting horses. They were trotting through the dust. I had been playing all day and was dirty. I had torn my clothes. They were very ragged. I was chawing on a stick of licorice and the people in this surrey were staring at me. I didn't know any of them, but a day or two later I learned that they were Uncle Will and Aunt Liz. I think perhaps the other two were Brother and Sister George Jordan. They were staring at me, I realize, out of pity. If my mother had seen me headed for the ball-grounds in that condition, I am sure she would have stared at me in vengeance. But I felt that I had a right to exist. It was my privilege to live as much as it was the privilege of the king of England to live. It was the staring of these four people that bothered me. So I called out, "Rubber neck", and one of those ladies--whom I thought at that time was not a lady--called back, "Stretch a peck." I went on to the ball-ground.

The next day or two my father took me in the buggy with "Old Jim" up to Elkhorn where we visited at the Davis Ranch. He said we were going up to visit Aunt Liz and Uncle Will. When I went to the kitchen door, and when Aunt Liz came to the door, I

discovered who was Aunt Liz was the lady in the surrey whom I guess I had insulted. I guess when she discovered that the boy who she gave the quick answer to was her nephew. But she attracted my attention and gained my love quickly. She gave me a little pup--a little bird dog--a spotted bird-dog. That was one of the dearest possessions I ever had. As they lived on the Ranch, I am told by some who visited them more frequently than I that they had many visitors. Fishermen would come and camp in their yard, and fish in the river. Friends from Salt Lake; friends from here; friends from there; people from all over would come and make their headquarters there--stay there and visit with them indefinitely. I am told that these people were treated very kindly. Naturally that would be true, or they would not come back the second time. I suppose they were contented in that far-away place at that time, to live by the side of the road and be a friend to man.

What has been spoken concerning Aunt Liz's charity was true of Uncle Will's charity. He was a kind and considerate man, made friends and kept them. Aunt Liz made many friends. I have thought many times that she was converted thoroughly to the statement given by Deity, "This commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Aunt Liz had a great capacity for loving. She loved people. Not only did she love her relatives--she loved her neighbors as you have been told. She loved her friends who were farther away. I believe she loved everyone. It has been my impression, as I have observed her through the years. I have been present when people came to her home, when I saw her greet them with that wonderful affection which Aunt Liz had, that there was no one whom Aunt Liz did not love.

She has been especially kind to my wife, who was brought here from Idaho--whom Aunt Liz accepted into her personal life as a dear relative, though there was no blood relationship there. She has been a grand person to enjoy other people. I suppose there is no better way to enjoy life than to enjoy other people--to be able to see good in them and admire them for their goodness, and to encourage them in their efforts to be better.

I have been assigned to two or three appointments in my life of a public nature, in the community and by the Church, and in each instance Aunt Liz, with many others, has boosted me and helped me to have courage, and helped me, through that encourage-

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ment to try to do what I had been assigned to do.

I witnessed, just before we left the home, one of Aunt Liz's characteristics expressed in her daughter, Zella, who, after the prayer in the home had been uttered, and before the casket had been closed. Zella stood beside her mother alone, all alone,-- touching her fingers against her mother's cheek, straightening her hair, smoothing out a ruffle on her robe--some little thing that would contribute to a more perfect beauty of Aunt Liz's burial. I suppose that in those two or three minutes she lived many years of life with Aunt Liz. I suppose a thousand memories recurred to her; experiences on the ranch; experiences in Heber; experiences here and there. Suddenly she turned to the room and said, "Luella should be here. Where is she?" She caught Luella's eye and said, "Come, Luella." She turned to Hy and said, "Come on, Hy", and brought them over to the casket to enjoy the final moments with the person who they loved so much. It is a great faculty to be able to think of other people.

There are many descendants here; there are many relatives, many who are blood relatives--many who are in-laws. Those of us who are can profit our lives by remembering the things that Bp. Rasband and Bp. Olpin spoke of concerning our loved ones, making these things a part of our lives. It might take a little effort for some of us. It will for me. It will take some effort for me and perhaps for you to perfect our lives and assume the fine characteristics which we have observed in our loved one. We will profit our lives, I think, by trying to do this.

Well, I could speak of Aunt Liz's family, of Grandfather Cummings and Grandmother's family; name them all and speak of them, and you wouldn't be interested in that. Those of us who are related to them can keep them in our memories.

I want to speak to Uncle Hy and Aunt Luella who are here. I want to speak of them and let them know that my confidence in them is great, and my admiration for them is great, and that I am happy to be their nephew. I pray for you, Zella, the only child remaining of Aunt Liz's, that the Lord will bless you and comfort you; that your memories may come to you often and remind you of the wonderful experiences that you have had with your mother.

I pray that the Lord will bless you, Hy, and Luella, and all of you who are grand-



children, great-grandchildren of this wonderful sister; that you will all have a desire to live by the side of the road and be a friend of men which I pray for in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Vocal solo, "Going Home," Brother Gordon Taylor, accompanied by Sister Virginia Green.

"Going home, going home,
I'm a'going home.
Quiet like, some still day,
I'm just going home.
It's not far, just close by through an open door,
Work all done, care laid by,
Going to fear no more.
Mother's there expecting me,
Father's waiting too,
Lots of folks gathered there,
All the friends I knew.
Home, home, I'm going home.

Nothings lost, all's gained,
No more fret nor pain,
No more stumbling on the way,
No more longing for the day,
Going to fret no more.

Morning star lights the way,
Restless dream's all done;
Shadows gone, break of day,
Real life's just begun.
There's no break; there's no end;
Just a'living on,
Wide awake with a smile,
Going on and on.
Going home, going home,
I'm going home.
It's not far, just close by,
Through an open door,
I'm going home."

Benediction, Brother Addison C. Moulton:

"Our Father in Heaven, at the close or conclusion of this wonderful service, we present ourselves before Thee with grateful hearts for the privilege we have had in meeting together this day and the testimonies that have been given by Thy servants.

We want to testify unto Thee, our Heavenly Father, to the truthfulness of those words that have been spoken this day, having known Aunt Liz Davis all the days of our life, I have partaken of her spirit and her hospitality, knowing that she was indeed a child of Thee.

Heavenly Father, as has been spoken this day, she has lived by the

and been a friend to all who came to her home. She even went and waited upon many who were unable to come to her home in times of distress.

We want to bear testimony unto Thee, Heavenly Father, of the truthfulness of the words that have been spoken this day. We want to pray Thee, our Father, that Thou wilt bless her children--her daughter, Zella, with a testimony of the Gospel, and an assurance that all will be well with her; that she will have the privilege of associating with her dear mother; that her grandchildren and her great-grandchildren may appreciate the wonderful heritage that they have; that they may live and conduct their lives that they may again have the privilege of associating with this dear soul in the life to come.

Now, Heavenly Father, as we are about to depart for the City of the Dead to perform the last earthly rites for this, our dear sister, wilt Thou be with us. Cause that nothing will befall us; that we may go in peace and return in safety, and those who have come from afar for these services this day may have Thy protecting care to be with them, that they may arrive at their destinations in peace and without any accident.

We ask Thee, now, Father, to go with us to the City of the Dead, and be with us during the remaining portion of the service, we humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Postlude, Sister Virginia Green.

Pallbearers: Rex Blackley, Ned Blackley, Don Blackley, Kenneth Johnson, L. M. Jordan, and Arnold Wright.

Flowers were cared for by Heber Sixth Ward Relief Society.

Graveside prayer, Brother Clyde Broadbent.

Burial in the Heber City Cemetery under the direction of the Olpin Mortuary.

Sound recording by George W. Johnson.

Obituary

Mrs. Elizabeth Cummings Davis, 89 years old,
died Monday, January 26, 1959, at 12:20 A.M. at
her residence after a lingering illness.

She was born January 7, 1870, in Heber City,
Utah, to Isaac and Sarah Jones Cummings.

She was married to William H. Davis October 17, 1888 in the
Logan L.D.S. Temple. He died May 15, 1939. She
was an active member of the L. D. S. Church, and a
life-long resident of Wasatch County. She lived on a ranch
in Hailstone until 1942.

Survivors: a daughter, Zella Blackley, Heber City, Utah;
a grandson she reared, Dee Blackley, Heber; ten other
grandchildren, 16 great-grandchildren; five great-great-grandchild-
ren; one brother, Hyrum Cummings; a sister, Luella
Johnson, both of Heber City, Utah.

Burial was in the Heber City Cemetery.

The House By The Side Of The Road

Sam Walter Foss

"There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
 In the place of their self-content;
 There are souls like stars; that dwell apart,
 In a fellowless firmament;
 There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
 Where highways never ran--
 But let me live by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
 Where the race of men go by--
 The men who are good and the men who are bad,
 As good and as bad as I.
 I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
 Or hurl the cynic's ban--
 Let me live in the house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
 By the side of the highway of life,
 The men who press with the ardor of hope,
 The men who are faint with the strife.
 But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
 Both parts of an infinite plan--
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
 And mountains of wearisome height;
 That the road passes on through the long afternoon
 And stretches away to the night.
 But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
 And weep with the strangers that moan,
 Nor live in my house by the side of the road
 Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
 It's here the race of me go by--
 They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
 Wise, foolish--so am I;
 Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
 Or hurl the cynic's ban?
 Let me live in my house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man."